

The Bystander.

SOME REMARKS BY HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"Holy smoke," exclaimed High Private Jones, tilting his chair back against the barter shop wall. "Listen to this bunk, will you?" The after-supper patrons of the shop gathered around to listen to the evening news broadcast. "Army benefits by new scale of punishment," read Jones. "Now, ain't that nice?" he asked, looking around at the members of the crowd nodding each other. "If you hear, here, get this," said Jones as he hurriedly scanned the printed article. "Coming in the last paragraph he read: 'There are also added rights for prisoners before courts-martial. Under the new order if a prisoner pleads guilty, the president of the court must inform the man of the maximum punishment under the offense, and give him a chance to reconsider his plea.' Now, ain't that swell?" asked Jones.

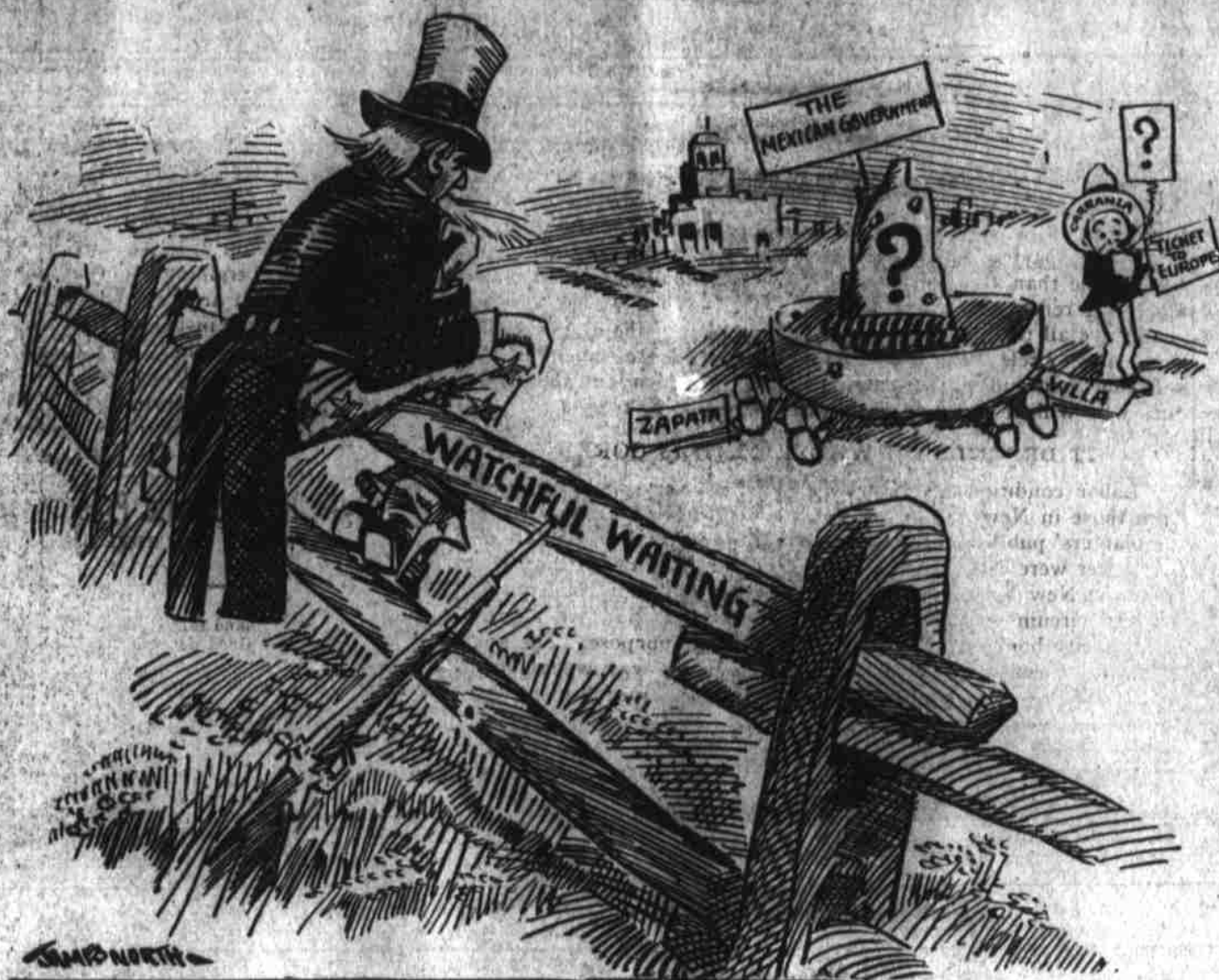
"Come some of you youngsters don't know what that means, I'll give you the dope and if you're so unfortunate as to ever come up in front of a Q. J. M., remember your uncle's advice. This here thing I just read to you means you can plead guilty, and then after the judge advocate gets through telling you how much time you can get for doing it, you can renig an' say you didn't do it at all; see?"

"Course you know what's goin' to happen then. All th' evidence has got to be introduced, and they got to go through th' whole performance of tryin' you, just the same as if they didn't have a thing on you to begin with. Now, you know how these guys on a general court like to sit there an' listen to all that stuff when they might be out playin' golf, or over at th' club or on th' way to Hialeah. Especially when you've pulled th' boob stunt right at th' start."

"You're in bad from the word 'go,' an' th' less of their time you take up th' less you've got to get out of it. Any time you plead guilty, an' then withdraw, they can all go to sleep while th' evidence is being introduced an' th' case is bein' tried. Your counsel an' th' judge advocate can chew th' rag at each other, an' th' president of th' court can wake up at intervals an' say 'gentlemen,' an' take another nap, an' when the stenographer's got it all on paper, the judge advocate raps on th' table to wake up th' bunch, an' then you all get fired out of th' courtroom while they take a vote."

"Th' only case on record where they ever had to take a second ballot was where some of the court woke up durin' the prosecution an' got the wings done on what it was all about. There was about an even break on th' first vote, an' th' president of th' court decided an explanation. Then they all had a good laugh, an' 'hanged th' clock on th' second ballot. So you guys take warnin', an' if you ever get handed up before a general, plead guilty quick whether you done it or not, an' get out as easy as you can under these new elastic punishments we're readin' about here."

BACK ON THE OLD FENCE



—Tacoma Ledger

did test out their knowledge of umlauts upon the baby, who con-money it is time to send a good big shipment of Hawaiian foodstuffs—rice, coffee, canned pines and sugar, and any other products of the soil that will stand a thirty-five-day ocean voyage and at the end thereof keep the flicker of a human soul in a child's body.

It is not charity to sit back, foot up the totals, and say that in giving of our abundance we have done our full duty. Shipping a coin off the top of the stack is not charity. Charity is splitting your last nickel with a chap that is harder up than you are. No one doubts that our Belgian brothers need help. Let us give it in tangible form.

The organized committees can do the actual sending as their share of the transaction. The big firms and corporations have done their share and more than their share. The school children, the laborers and the householders in moderate circumstances would be glad to help, many of them, and donate a tin of salmon or corned beef, condensed milk, a pound of coffee, or half a bag of rice. What ever is given in the way of food will be welcome when it is placed in the hands of these Belgians who were "innocent spectators." The school children of Tacoma donated 20,000 tins of condensed milk for the starving babies. Hawaii has not completely fulfilled its obligations, for as long as there is distress and want there is need of charity.

I used to hear a lot about the time the homesteaders were trying to sell their pines about the big hold-over stock of 1913 canned pines and the certainty of an overproduction this year. How about getting a few thousand cases of this overproduction? Remembering all that I used to hear a few weeks ago, the canners should be willing to sell mighty cheap.

COMPANIONS OF WARTIME

Many are the combinations produced by modern travel conditions and by the war, but can you beat the one on the Maru boat that has just left Hilo for Mexico and South America? asks my friend, the Spectator of the Hilo Tribune.

For the saloon dinner table—The Japanese captain and principal officers of the Maru. One American traveler, who doesn't know where he's going, but is on his way.

A Chinese lady, wife of the Chinese consul at Peru, and doubtless wondering whether the vessel will ever get nearer than Valparaiso, even if she has luck and there is no capture at sea.

A Mexican general, of high rank, with three children, on his way home hoping to get to where about seven or eight other generals are calling themselves presidents of Mexico and shooting at one another, by proxy. (Possibly he is filled with grave secrets of diplomatic conferences between Japan and Mexico.)

The dinner menu, I happen to know, is in excellent Japanese

Small Talks

SAM BLAIR—Honolulu is the best free-show town in the world. I know, you can take it from me.

MAYOR J. J. FERN—The doctor told me yesterday that I got all my future before me. I didn't know it was as bad as that.

PITCHER ALEXANDER—Why don't you Honolulu people get a bigger ball park? I hate to lose so many balls when I go to bat.

M. CAETANO PACHICO—Won't it be awful when I'll have to swear some people, that I know only too well, to tell the truth?

FRED R. SWINZER—Is the Twomey who is mixed up in this blind pig club the same man who is on the police force? Isn't that sort of funny?

"COSY" DOTAN—If you were a big league player and got the salary I got it wouldn't hurt you to cut the capers I get off when I'm feeling good.

JUDGE T. B. STUART—This is a great country, a stranger finds himself at home in less than no time. I like Hawaii. Haven't I got good reason to?

W. W. THAYER—Rev. H. H. Parker will now perpetuate the Hawaiian language for all time and it does not require an act of congress to do it, either.

F. J. TURBILL—I don't care who knows that I am an applicant for messenger in the marshal's office, least of all Robbie W. Cathcart and his chum Bob Levi.

IRA THOMAS—Half the fun out at Moiliili Field is to get that Eva blancher crowd working off their enthusiasm. The funny part of it is that they take me seriously.

A. L. C. ATKINSON—A. K. Ozawa has denied that he is dead and since the news of his being among the living does not come from Berlin it can be easily believed.

JEFF TESSEAU—I never knew I could hit a ball so far until I came to Honolulu. The air here must be finer than elsewhere. It seems to offer less resistance to a batted ball.

HENRY G. HAPAI—In spare moments I am reading a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" that Tommy Treadwell loaned me. Tommy has good taste and shows it in the literature he peruses.

HARRY MURRAY—Some tourists kicked because they couldn't find any lava along Lava Trail last night. Next time we'll call it Goat Trail, thus avoiding any such unfavorable criticism.

W. P. FENNEL—I almost got into trouble over my last small talk in The Advertiser, but I notice that the flag that used to hang outside of the Spanish War Veterans' Club has been removed.

MARSHAL JEROME J. SMIDDY—The worst thing about raiding opinion joints is that the smell of the poppy juice sticks to one like a poor relation. But small or no smell I'm going to stick to it.

LOYD CONKLING—I am opposed to any extension of the Rapid Transit franchise, or to any other rights, favors, or privileges being granted this iniquitous and soulless corporation so long as they refuse to let us smoke on the back platform.

JOHN B. ENOS—As president of the Portuguese-American Civic League I want everybody to know that the league is not a political organization. To prove this we have installed a hammer smasher that is quite competent to attend to all knuckers.

ROBT. WM. CATHCART—My serenity is not disturbed by small soiled persons of the "peanut" variety who would belittle me by funny items in the papers. "The faunt, the tribute, the abuse, the praise," I take them all in the same unswerving mood.

DICK HOBLITZEL, First Baseman of the All-Americans—I have just returned from a visit to the Volcano as Kilauea. You can say for me that old Satan is heating hotter ovens over there than "Bullet Joe" Bush could throw with a steam engine.

ATTORNEY GENERAL STAINBACK—Nothing but unconditional surrender will satisfy me in regard to the quo warranto proceedings against the Spanish War Veterans' Club. I am satisfied that the law has been violated right along and no excuses will go now.

CHARLES R. FORBES—I butted into a grouch early in the week and the pecky thing has been hard to get rid of, but the worst is that those who got wise to the fact have bothered me and want to know what it is all about. Now, is there a man who can explain a grouch?

GUY H. TUTTLE—I note in The Advertiser this morning that I am scheduled to leave on the steamer Sierra to assume the management of the Hawaiian curio booth at the San Diego Exposition. This is a mistake. I am not going to San Diego and have had no intention of doing so.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM—I have asked the attorney general to give me an opinion on the opinion of that New York law firm in regard to the bond question. When I get that opinion on the opinion I am going to write that firm a letter. I may also have an opinion of my own to express.

AUGUSTUS E. MURPHY—Some people can't help but show their ignorance. The leaf brought to me under the supposition that it was real Irish clover turned out to be nothing more than "hum-hum" grass. It's something entirely unknown in Ireland; where it is called "Wandering Jew."

FLOYD E. MATSON—Being editor of the Hot Cider for a day is worth as much as having your name in the editorial column of any Hilo paper. The only member of the Cider staff whose safety I fear for is the society editor. I hate to think what is going to happen to her. She's fired already, anyhow.

H. H. TRENT—It pays to advertise. I have had twenty people ask me to get them a Kona nightgown since The Advertiser gave that account of my recent importation. My Kona has entirely recovered from his sea trip and is as gay, chipper and frisky as the rest of the folks that live in the pure bracing air of Alewa Heights.

"KEVSTONE" BOONE—I went to the Volcano and saw the sight of my life. Ask Hoblitzel of the initial sack. We got the laugh on the fellows that were afraid to make that dinky little trip to Hilo and a few hours after returning we had legs enough to play ball. Say, but there are some knockers in Honolulu. They advised us not to go.

JOHNNY MARTIN—The big league players, Ira Thomas and Ray Chapman, told us at the Y. M. C. A. last Thursday night that the teams and players which play the big games do so without the use of liquor, tobacco, profanity and bickering. Connie Mack puts his men on their honor to keep these things tabu and of that famous "One hundred thousand dollar infield" there's not a man that touches liquor and only one who uses tobacco. Perhaps some such tabu list as this would help the game locally.

JOHN SMITH—What has happened to the home-buying campaign, the high cost of living, government by commission, the Kailua channel, civilian clothes for soldiers, the Walkiki amusement pier, the Koolau-poko belt road, and the score or more of burning questions that have flashed in the pan during the year 1914—not to overlook setting the clock back? There are more dazed reforms started in this village than in any other of equal size and population anywhere in the Seven Seas, but they are mostly conversational reforms, seventy per cent words and thirty per cent talk.

HON. WALTER F. FREAR—The subcommittee of the house committee on territories pronounced the Rapid Transit Franchise Extension Bill the most advanced effort to protect the public interest of a city that had ever come to their attention. They said that it was if anything too progressive as it did not sufficiently safeguard the interests of the investors who risked their capital in this enterprise. However, after more complete study and analysis, they expressed the opinion that the bill fully protects both the public and corporate interests and guarantees a square deal to all.

THEODORE DRANGA—The Hawaii County Fair was a grand success. Professor Clowes was the main spring of the whole enterprise from start to finish and should receive all the praise. The only thing that we fell down on was in not having a couple of good old-fashioned kahuna fix up the weather program. We trusted to Uncle Sam's weather bureau and they threw us down—cold, it rained, and rained, and it rained, but it takes more than a foot to put Hilo under. A big crowd came and there was lots of interest and enthusiasm. We have ordered half a dozen kahuna to get busy for next year, or leave town. The second County Fair will be a jim-dandy. Look out for it!

Another Nebula Coming

The latest from the skies is that there is a big nebula coming in the direction of the earth at the rate of one hundred miles a second. If that nebula strikes us it will be like a ton of coal falling on a gnat. It will overwhelm us and annihilate us. Its speed is more than three billion miles a year.

One might think at that rate it might soon reach us, but it never will. It will veer off into endless space long before it would strike the earth. But think of the distance and its coming one hundred miles a second and never getting here, it is so far off. This fact gives one an idea of the bigness of the universe and the littleness of the earth, and to lead one in the ways of modesty and simplicity, where selfishness and unkindness are never tolerated and the rule of purity, honor and duty becomes the law of gravitation.—Ohio State Journal.

BASEBALL, WAR AND ADVERTISING

The major league and Venice series of games pulled off in Honolulu have proved one of the most effective advertising stunts that could have happened. The baseball contests have put the Honolulu date line into every newspaper in the United States; not simply once, but every day for a month.

Baseball is the national sport, pastime, vice or glory, depending on how much sporting blood the average citizen has in his veins. It is a habit, an inspiration, a recreation. Lay out a new diamond at the North Pole and the railroads will be running expeditions trains up there next summer. Send an expeditionary force to Mexico and the first event of any national importance after the war is cleaned up of snipers is to try out the prowess of the respective teams of Uncle Sam's land and sea soldiers. The proverb used to run that "trade follows the flag." Amended that now to, "The Flag follows baseball."

Sporting Life, a Philadelphia weekly having a circulation of over 300,000 has devoted full pages to the Honolulu series. So has Sporting News, a St. Louis publication with well up towards half a million subscribers. The big metropolitan dailies have featured Honolulu, the games and the star players, for weeks past.

The American people never really take the trouble to study up all about a place from A to Z until a battle of a ball game occurs there.

I have often said that a touch of war would be a good investment. Our citizens know more about Vera Cruz today than they do about the whole of Alaska and Hawaii combined. Neither of those was fought for. The little scrap at Vera Cruz will get a chapter in the histories and school books for the next fifty years. Territory peacefully acquired gets a footnote. The great baseball series just finished, puts Honolulu into the minds of all Americans for the next ten years, whether it gets into the school books or not.

Hawaii is for the first time accepted as an integral part of the United States and our mainland cousins will now stop using foreign postage when they write us. We will, of course, expect to receive catalogues printed in Spanish and offering goods at "export prices" or "for the foreign trade," but that can't be helped. New York's Hebrew population are slow to learn. The important point is that thirty million baseball "Fans" have adopted Hawaii into the family.

MURRAY'S LINEAGE

I understand that the head of one of the English Bems here opened his copy of the Hot Cider yesterday. Looked at the handsome visage of Harry Murray, said: "Huh—I see the German Emperor has lost another son," and fired the cider into the waste basket. This puts Harry into the royal class along with many another descendant of the Irish Kings.

ELLINGU AND BIBLICAL GRAFTS

The house of representatives elected last month contains only one member who is not entirely familiar with the English language—who cannot talk it, write it and read it. The 1915 membership includes five members who do not understand enough Hawaiian to be able to follow a speech in Hawaiian. What I am wondering is: Will the house use the public money again to hire an interpreter at ten dollars a day to let the one member know what is going on? Will the house hire translators to put the bills and resolutions into Hawaiian and generally hold up all the business of the house for this one unfortunate statesman?

Last year, in the various dual language grafts, the house unnecessarily spent \$400.00. The interpreters cost ten dollars a day; translators got \$1.00 a folio for the bills they worked on, and it cost \$1.50 a page to put the translated bills into print.

Is it worth ten dollars a day to let the eye holes know what the one Hawaiian is talking about? Or is it worth while hiring an interpreter for the sole benefit of the one member? Or will the house follow the example of the senate and once for all rid the Territory of this two-talk fauce?

For the purposes of interpretation, why not seat the one Hawaiian talker between two members who understand both Hawaiian and English, and sandwich the holes between members who savvy both the lingo and the vernacular? Five thousand dollars will go a long way towards necessary things these hard times, and the amount is worth saving in itself, to say nothing of the economy in time and patience in the use of English alone.

The "religious graft" is up to the city preachers. So long as they are content to sit back and decline to offer free prayers for the legislators, the honorable members will have to keep on paying a dollar a minute for the time of some preacher who cannot land a permanent pulpit. Last session, Speaker Holstein was ready to accept volunteer invitations and prepared to cut out the reverend appendix to the payroll, but at the last minute the Honolulu clergymen disesteemed and allowed the gentle graft to proceed. I am of the opinion that if the ministers want to set a good example for the coming session, and take turn about at asking the blessing on the assembly, their services will be accepted. Even preachers should be given a second opportunity, anyhow. Let's wait and see what they do this time.

TIPPING OFF THE SIGNALS

Argabrite, the unshun man who made a reputation on Thursday out at Moiliili by slugging Alexander the Great for a two-bagger, considers the inside story of that hit one good a joke to keep to himself, even if his reputation as a "big league hitter" has to suffer. The way he tells it, it was this way:

When he stepped up to the plate, Willie Kilifer, behind the mask, signalled the fielders to spread out and go back, and not a man moved. Why should they fear a hit with Alexander in the box? each man asked himself. But when Kilifer signalled to go back, he expected them to go back, because that's the way he plays the game. He decided to teach them not to monkey with his signals, even if they had an amateur at the bat.

"Young fellow," he said to Argabrite, "I have to show those loafers in the field to do what they're told. Now, let's try to hit this first one. Wait for the second. It's going to be a swift one, right over the plate."

Argabrite let the first go by. Then he slammed the second for two bases, and the fielders chased the hit clear to the fence.

"Next time I signal 'em to go back, I guess they'll go back," Argabrite, starting down the base line, heard Kilifer say to himself.

THE LITTLE BELGIAN REFUGEE

The good folk of Glasgow are not so alarmed and horrified over the war as not to be able to enjoy a joke—provided it is a Scotch joke. Not only do they enjoy whatever comes along in the way of a laugh, but they pass it on. Gilbert J. Waller, who has relatives in Glasgow, let me read part of a letter he received on the last mail to prove it.

It seems that the Glasgow bodies insisted on having some of the Belgian refugees sent there to be cared for and accordingly three thousand were sent, a thousand a day for three days. The charity inclined flocked to the great hall where the refugees were gathered, making their choice of individuals and families to adopt. On the last day, when the last thousand had been pretty well picked over, one disconsolate little girl was wandering aimlessly around the room. Evidently she was not attached to any family. She looked frightened, hungry and altogether miserable.

A kind Scotch lady went to her and, in broken French, asked the little girl if she did not want to go home for a nice supper. The little one raised her eyes to the kind lady's face, but made no reply. Others who were anxious to try their French. Then one was sent for who could talk Flemish, and she tried to get an answer out of the poor little refugee, but in vain.

"Some one try German. Perhaps she understands that," said one, and disregarding the horrified looks of those around, someone